

The Tragedy of Hamlet

But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome.
Mother good night indeed; this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Exit.

*Enter King and Queen, with Rosencrans
and Gylidensterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaves,
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on us a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Afras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.

King. O heavey deed!
It had been so with us had we been there,
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?

It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
Ore whom his very madnesse, like some Ore

Prince of Denm

Among a minerall of metall
Shewes it selfe pure; a weeps

King. Gertrard come awa
The Sunne no sooner shall the
But we will ship him hence,
We must with all our Majestie
Both countenance and excuse
Friends both, goe joine with
Hamlet in madnesse hath *P*
And from his mothers closet
Goe seeke him out, speake fa
Into the Chappell; I pray yo
Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call u
And let them know both wh
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper ore the world
As levell as the Cannon to hi
Transports his poysoned shot
And hit the woundlesse aire:
My soule is full of discord and

Enter Hamlet, K

Ha. Safely stow'd: but soft
O here they come.

Ros. What have you done

Ham. Compounded it with

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, tha
And beare it to the Chappell

Ham. Doe not beleeve it.

Ros. Beleeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe yo
fides, to bee demanded of a
made by the sonne of a King

Ros. Take you me for a spur

Ha. I sir, that sokes up the
authorities: but such Officers
he keeps them like an apple
to be last swallowed; when h
but squeeing you, and spung

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